It Was Intimate

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It Was Intimate

by DarkDreamsOfHannigram

Summary

A little scenario from a tumblr prompt fill, Will rimming Hannibal for the first time.

Notes

granpappy-winchester asked: Please tell me about Will rimming Hannibal for the first time. (And did Hannibal cry?)

I'm skipping the setup for this. But imagine for this idea, Will and Hannibal are in an established relationship. Hannibal has done this to Will many times, but Will hasn't yet reciprocated. He's been thinking about it though, a lot. He hasn't done so yet because he's never performed this on a man before. He doesn't want to disappoint Hannibal. But his desire to do it has finally overtaken his worry that he might not be good at it!

Will had Hannibal lay on his back, because he wanted to be able to look up and see his face, and to clearly hear every sound he made. Hannibal usually kept himself neatly trimmed, but for this he wanted to be smooth so he could feel every bit of Will's tongue on his vulnerable flesh.

He started by sucking Hannibal's cock, more to relax than inflame him. Hannibal ran his fingers through Will's hair as he usually did when he took him in his mouth. Will signaled he was ready to move on when his tongue strokes became longer, down from the head, all the way to his balls and back up again. After a few moments of this, Hannibal brought his wrists under his knees, and spread himself open.

At long last, Will brought the tip of his tongue to his hole. His mind flooded with pleasure, both an echo of Hannibal's, and his own which twinged with delight at the forbiddeness of this act. He moaned aloud as he first pushed inside. Will held him open even further, his lips making contact with the sensitive flesh. Momentarily, he stopped, just long enough to run two fingers over Hannibal's now slick hole, and pressed his tongue back in between them.

To Hannibal, this was, first and foremost, an act of consumption. For Will, it was about intimacy. Although he could feel as Hannibal did when he attuned his senses in that way, he wanted this to be about what he felt himself. He thought about penetration. With Hannibal's cock, it was about the feeling of being *filled*; with his fingers, about being examined, or rather more accurately, *explored* (sometimes quite roughly); but when Hannibal penetrated him with his tongue, it was definitely about*savoring*.

Will, conversely, thought about this as an intimate caress. With this in mind, he settled quickly on a favored technique. Where Hannibal would tease him, fluttering around the rim before entering him with short, deep strokes, Will breached Hannibal's entrance slowly, stiffening his tongue and plunging it agonizingly slowly, deep inside, then withdrawing again just as incrementally.

"Will…that feels so lovely. It is as perfect as you." Allowing himself a glance up, Will saw Hannibal drop his head back. When he went back to attending Hannibal's ass, he had started rocking his hips into the strokes of Will's tongue. It occurred to Will that the thing he wanted most now, in the entire world, was to feel Hannibal climax with his tongue inside him.

He reached up, found Hannibal's hand, and brought it to his cock. As he began stroking himself, Will started tongue fucking him in earnest. He could hear Hannibal's breath hitching in his lungs as he tried to breathe slowly, but it was no use. He was practically whimpering, almost as completely overwhelmed as he so often had made Will feel. He could feel Hannibal's orgasm building, his hole quivering around his tongue. Just before he went over the edge, Will penetrated him deeply, staying inside as Hannibal came.

It was as if it shot through his own body. He had never felt more connected, to Hannibal, to anyone. It was over too quickly, but also seemed to last forever. When Will finally pulled himself up and forward a bit, he could see that Hannibal was breathing hard, cum still spilling down his hand. Will took it, and slowly and deliberately cleaned it with his mouth; this, undeniably, was about consumption.

By degrees, Hannibal regained himself, and when Will was finished, he drew him in close, and side by side they kissed deeply. He gazed into Will's eyes and smiled; a tear had left a stain on his face and other spilled down to follow it. Will kissed it away.

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